Trope: Magical Healing Penis (Hannigram AU)

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Trope: Magical Healing Penis (Hannigram AU)

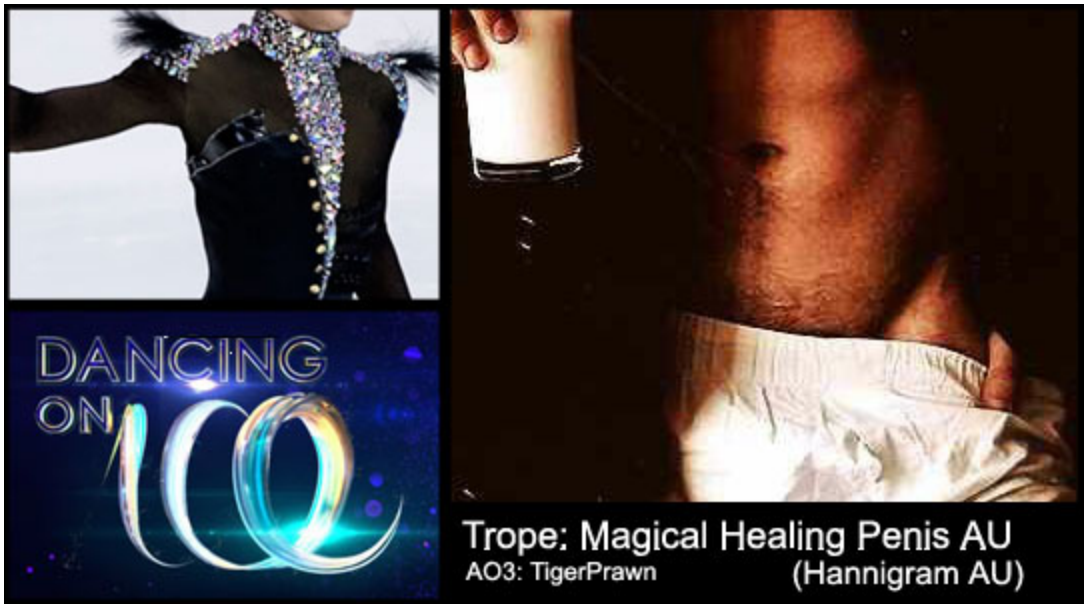
by TigerPrawn

Summary

Actor Will Graham was having a great time competing in Dancing On Ice with his skate partner Hannibal Lecter. But when an injury threatens to put them out of the running, things take an interesting turn…

Notes

See the end of the work for notes



”The Third couple through this week and guaranteed a place on next week’s Valentine show is… Will Graham and his skate partner Hannibal Lecter!”

The studio audience cheered and whooped which made Will grin. He wasn’t exactly used to being popular or well liked in real life. But then, the audience - like his fans - only saw him on TV. And so far on this show rarely did he have to say much, so maybe they all just thought of him as his character from the show. Not the surly, sassy and rude asshole that he apparently was. They wouldn’t be the only ones. He took a side glance at Hannibal, who had that barely there smile that seemed even more controlled and quietly powerful than most alphas. But he was smiling nonetheless, his chest puffed with alpha pride.

Will wondered if that was part of their appeal to the audience. Most of the pairs were betas, or alpha and beta, omega and beta. They were one of only two pairings that were alpha and omega. The other being Brian Zeller and his celeb - news anchor Freddie Lounds. Both of whom were strangely dislikable on and off screen. In fact they were bringing out the competitive side in Will, if only to crush them! If the cheers of the audience was anything to go by, their two pairs were the popular favourites regardless of talent… which they also, thankfully happened to have.

Looking over at the smug expressions of Freddie and Brian who had been the first couple through, Will couldn’t wait until they all faced off in the Valentine’s show.

Three Days Later

Will looked at Hannibal’s arm and winced. The shoulder was dislocated, even once the doctor sorted it, they were likely out of the competition.

“I’m so sorry Hannibal.” Will said for the millionth time. If he hadn’t gotten his footing wrong as he moved into the lift, Hannibal wouldn’t have overbalanced. They wouldn’t have landed on the hard ice so awkwardly, and Hannibal wouldn’t now be in pain whilst they waited in the studio’s infirmary. It told in his scent, and that made Will wince all the more.

From the moment they had met Will had enjoyed Hannibal's scent. It was rich and velvety, like a good wine. Just the kind of scent he liked, so skating with him had been a fairly pleasant experience on that front. Alphas and omegas being so attuned to each other's scent, it was lucky that he didn't find it repulsive. He guessed the same was true of Hannibal, as he'd given no sign to the contrary - but of course they didn't know each other well enough to talk about such things.

In some ways it was a blessing about his scent, because half the time Will found Hannibal annoying to a distraction.

"Please, Will. It's fine." Hannibal gave him that reassuring smile that infuriated him. Still, it was better than the moon-eyes the guy had given him for the first two weeks of training. He was a third rate celebrity - he played a cop on a shitty daytime TV crime show that was little better than a soap opera - but Hannibal was apparently a fan.

For the first day it had been awkward. Will wasn't great with people, he knew he could come off as blunt and, well maybe pretty rude, so awkward was common for him anyway. What made it worse was that he played a beta on the show - because who the hell wanted to watch an omega cop? It was light-hearted easy viewing, they didn't want to deal with gender politics, but it did mean a lot of people assumed him to be beta in real life.

Hannibal already being a fan of the show - bizarrely - was bad enough. Once he caught Will's scent as they shook hands on meeting… Will wasn't sure who was more embarrassed by the way Hannibal practically fell over himself. Apparently *Cop Town* was on at a time when Hannibal was between training and so he had started tuning in. It had been abundantly clear in that first meeting when all the celebs and skaters found out who they were paired with - that Hannibal had a crush on him, or his character 'Hugh Dancy' at the least.

Had he been a beta he was sure Hannibal might have handled things differently, even if the alpha was interested in him he would have been able to manage it better. But being an omega seemed to have set something off in the alpha. To the point where Will worried for a moment that the alpha might go into a spontaneous rut.

After two weeks of getting to know each other in training, the crush seemed to ease off… or so Will wanted to think. But he wasn't an idiot, he could see that in fact the childish infatuation for Detective Hugh Dancy had became a real fondness for the actor Will Graham. And maybe it was being an alpha, but Hannibal couldn't seem to help little bouts of posturing. What was worse was that between the scent and not having somehow repulsed the man by being rude and… well… he was gorgeous - Will didn't feel the need to discourage him.

Even so, tried so hard to be dismissive of his own feelings for the sake of being professional, or so he told himself. In truth the reason he was so surly and rude, the reason things never seemed to work out for him romantically, was because he was so hesitant in these things… even if he had good reason.

But… Maybe it was just the result of the scent and working in close proximity? Perhaps it was the fact that Hannibal was gentlemanly, respectful and about as gorgeously toned and athletic as an ice skater could get… Now, six weeks into the show and nearly nine weeks

since they met, Will had been considering asking Hannibal if he wanted to go on a date or something. The alpha had hinted at it a few times, made mention of cooking dinner for Will some time - apparently another passion. The Valentine's Day episode was coming up at the end of the week - which they had been rehearsing for when the accident occurred - and Will had just been waiting to get that one out of the way first. Seemed a bit much to ask someone on a date so close to Valentine's. And now that it looked like they were probably out of the running anyway, Will had started to doubt the whole thing anyway.

Once they were no longer in the show and no longer training, maybe the crush would be over and Hannibal wouldn't be interested after all?

Will chided himself over that. His automatic defences and his own insecurities all because he was… different. Different in a way that might even help in this situation... He shook the thoughts away and apologised again as the doctor arrived.

*

Will had insisted on helping Hannibal get home and was surprised to find the alpha lived in a near palatial town house.

"Damn, ice skaters make serious money." He chuckled nervously as he helped get the door open. Hannibal gave him another fond smile - he seemed to be the only one who ever got those - and thanked him despite wincing as they brushed against each other on the doorstep.

His shoulder had been pushed back into place and his arm put in a sling. The doctor had made an appointment to check on him again the next day, but it was likely they would definitely have to pull out of the show.

"Family money actually. Inheritance." Hannibal told him and it was Will's turn to wince.

"Sorry, my foot likes to live in my mouth. I'm much better off when they give me lines to say instead." Will grimaced.

Hannibal's smile was warm and comforting and instantly made Will feel better, as it always seemed to… And his scent. And the way he exuded prime and premium alphaness whilst managing to see soft and humble to Will Dammit!

Hannibal started to offer him a drink at the same time Will said - "I should leave you to rest."

The alpha protested immediately. "No, please, you're more than welcome to stay. But… of course, if you have to leave, if you have plans…"

"Oh, um, no. No plans. I just… you should rest."

They stood awkwardly for a moment and then Will apologised again.

"I'm sorry Hannibal. If I hadn't lost my footing…"

"Will, please." Hannibal smile turned somewhat remorseful and, surprisingly, colour rose in his cheeks. "It was my fault."

Will raised a brow in confusion. “How was it your fault, I tripped-”

“Yes, you did, but I could have… should have reacted in time. I was distracted.” Hannibal almost mumbled.

“By what?” Will was still confused. It had just been them on the ice, no other distractions.

Hannibal lowered his eyes, his cheeks definitely reddening, which was something Will was sure he’d never seen in an alpha. He cleared his throat but continued to look at their feet. “You see Will… I have… been very fond of you - your character - since I happened upon *Cop Town*. That very first episode when I saw you in Captain Fishburne’s office… Silly I know.”

Will couldn’t help but nod despite Hannibal not looking up. Just as silly was Hannibal’s belief that he had been discreet about this up until now.

“... I was overwhelmed to be paired with you and… I must apologise that discovering you are omegan has brought out behaviour in me that I would prefer it hadn’t… and… what I’m trying to say Will is that…” the next sentence came out in such a rush it was hard for Will to take in. “... for training you were wearing a pair of sweats that bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair you wore in the episode ‘sick day’, and they were very flattering, then as now and I was… distracted. Momentarily.” Hannibal cleared his throat again.

As Will digested the words Hannibal looked up, his expression something hopeful. Will’s heart skipped a beat and his breath caught in his chest… and he found himself blurting -

“I have a magical healing penis.”

Will clapped his hand over his mouth for a moment before removing it to say. “I didn’t mean to say that. I… I meant, I can help you. Get better. I can help heal you.”

“With your penis?” Hannibal’s face was completely unreadable, though all the colour had drained from it.

“Fuck!” Will cursed, already trying to work out the quickest way back to the door.

Hannibal’s eyebrows - Will had previously noticed barely existed - shot into his hairline at the word and Will hoped he hadn't’t taken it as an invitation. Well…

Will let out a heavy sigh, his shoulders dropping. He hadn’t told anyone in a long time, not since his college boyfriend Francis. He had been a beta, pretty pleased with himself that he had enticed an omega - as fucked up and salty as he was. And even he had left him over it, over his insecurities about it.

“I… have hypersanaphallusism.” Will said, resigned.

“That’s… I didn’t think…”

“It’s rare. Only effects male omegas, one in million. Give or take.” Will shrugged and then fidgeted.

“You’re self conscious about it.” Hannibal stated. Will expected to see a look of pity but there wasn’t one.

Will shrugged again even as he gave the slightest of nods. “It makes it… difficult to be with people. There’s always the worry… I don’t know. It’s not an easy thing to tell someone and I’ve been hurt in the past when I have so-” Will started towards the door again, feeling suddenly defensive even though he knew Hannibal had no blame.

“Wait!” Hannibal reached out and took his forearm in a soft hold. “But you told me anyway. You… you offered-”

“Forget it.” Will snapped. He tried to pull his arm away but Hannibal just allowed his hand to graze down the rest of his arm and talk hold of his hand.

“I like you Will. I enjoy your scent and what it does to me. I know you react to it too, you can sense the compatibility between us. It’s what allows us to skate together so well. I can’t deny that I want you. But, I want you to want me, I don’t want you to feel obligated-”

“Obligated!” Will let out a bark of laughter with the word.

“For injuring me… or else causing the distraction that caused me to injury myself.” The words rumbled from the alpha who crowded in on Will’s space.

He felt his whole body tremble. Not just at the words but at the way Hannibal gave him no room to consider being insecure about it, no room to run from him. Because he really didn’t want to run.

That much he made clear to the alpha by angling his head up just so, then moaning as Hannibal then crashed their mouths together. They wrapped themselves in each other, eager to feel the press of their bodies together. Hannibal groaning, half in pain, half in arousal when it caused some clear discomfort to his shoulder.

Hannibal pressed him to the nearest wall, grinding against him as they continued to explore each other’s mouths.

“Wait… wait…” Will said, breathless as he pushed Hannibal back. “I need to tell you… I mean… If you want me to… to heal you.” Will swallowed hard and looked at Hannibal intently - desperate to read any reaction he received. “I’ll need to penetrate you.”

Will’s heart skipped a beat as Hannibal grinned.

*

Will had actually never done this before.

Solely because of his condition, and certainly not because he was an omega or for a lack of interest. He had been happy to let past lovers penetrate him, but he could admit to thinking many times about using the penis given to all male omegas. Because surely it was there to give pleasure too? Of course, it would suit with a beta female, but omegas were meant for

alphas, so it stood to reason that it was a natural want and desire for an omega male to use his body in such a way. To penetrate his alpha…

Not that Hannibal was *his* alpha.

The thought derailed the lustful imagings that had been scrolling through his mind as he watched Hannibal undress before the grand bed.

“I want to fuck you so bad.” Will was shocked at the words that fell out of his own mouth before he could even stop them. At least it was gratifying to see Hannibal’s large and erect cock jump in reaction to the words.

Hannibal growled then, his mouth curving up as he did so.

“Will, I need you to know that were I not injured, were there not the possibility that this might keep us in the competition… I would still want you to fuck me tonight.”

Will couldn’t help the whine that escaped from his throat, or the swell of slick between his thighs. If they both had the stamina for it, he’d want Hannibal to fuck him too. He wanted everything!

He wanted everything that Hannibal would give him.

Will swallowed, shaking as he processed Hannibal’s words and his own thoughts. He didn’t do this - didn’t sleep around. This wasn’t casual to him, but he wasn’t sure what it was. He found himself trying to frame it all in his mind as he muttered - “Maybe once the competition is over we can see each other? Date… or not… um, friends at least, or…”

Hannibal took the lead then, pulling Will to him as he had so many time whilst dancing on the ice. The alpha spoke in a low voice, growling each word - “Will, if I have my way you won’t leave here tonight without my bite on your neck for the world to see.”

Will couldn’t help the whimper or the tremble of his body as the naked alpha held him close. He could feel the weakness in Hannibal’s right arm even though he’d discarded the sling, and that brought him back to how this had all started.

“Maybe, I better make you well again first? Then we can see what happens.” He managed to make the words somewhere between flirtatious and amused as he got himself back under control. Hannibal’s scent really was doing all kinds of wonderfully bad, good things to him.

Ten minutes later, Will was also naked and had the alpha flat on his back and writhing beneath him as he opened him up with fingers slicked from his own ample supply that was running down his thighs. Hannibal laid back, Will between his parted legs, his hips raised on a pillow, moaning with every touch. Will had never even done this on himself before. Being an omega male meant that when he presented in his early teens he had that *blossoming* they all had: When their secret inner passage, that had been little more than an indistinguishable indent, opened and became that place made for an alpha. The place that provided the copious natural lubricant that Will now used to open his alpha in a way that would bring them both a pleasure they had never experienced before.

Shit. Not *his* alpha… Though, taking him like this really did make Hannibal feel like *his*.

And was this something Hannibal had never done before, as he hadn't?

He didn't realise his hand had stilled until Hannibal pushed back against him to take his fingers deep. Maybe he had done this before?

"Is… this good Hannibal. Does it feel good?" Will asked, a balance of nerves and arousal.

Hannibal moaned his affirmative answer.

"You like to be… You've done this before…" It wasn't a question as he began moving his fingers again, stretching the alpha open.

"I have. Never with an omega… The thought is very… arousing." Hannibal sounded almost pained and Will worried he was hurting him. But when he looked down he could see Hannibal's cock was twitching and his knot was almost completely swollen already. "I want you to take me Will…" Hannibal groaned and pushed down on Will's fingers again. The responding swell of slick from Will wet his thighs all the more.

Hannibal's cock looked amazing and the urge to just straddle him there and then and have that knot fill him was so damn tempting. Before the temptation became too much, he ran his hand between his legs, gathering more slick and using it to coat his own trembling cock.

He scooched forward, taking his fingers from Hannibal as he did so and clutching for balance on the alpha's thick thighs. Will thought he would be tentative, but the moment his cock pressed against Hannibal's ass, he knew he wanted to feel it so much - as much as he wanted to heal the alpha. Will pushed in deep on the first hard thrust - causing Hannibal to cry out and arch beneath him.

"Yes…" He hissed breathlessly. "Fuck me Will."

Those words, in that delicious accent, Will almost came there and then. But instead he pulled back slowly before pushing back in with equal patience. He moved like that a few more times before leaning over Hannibal, mindful not to put any pressure on his injured arm, Will held himself just above the alpha. His hips began to work at an ever increasing pace as he leaned in to kiss Hannibal. It was messy and wet as neither were able to give their mouths focus - their minds too absorbed in their joining.

They were both groaning into each other's mouths when Hannibal wrapped his legs around Will, his heels urging the omega deeper on each thrust. Will's groans turned to grunts and on each thrust Hannibal huffed a little noise of pleasure. Will felt the alpha going pliant beneath him.

"There… there Will…" Hannibal whimpered as Will struck a point of pleasure within the alpha. He went slack, but for the long legs gripped firmly to Will's waist, allowing the omega to pound into him with abandon.

“I’m gonna…” Will cried out as he came inside Hannibal, no longer caring if his ejaculat fixed the alpha’s injury, only caring about his release, their release.

Despite coming, his slick entrance was swollen and throbbing, begging to be filled.

Will straightened up a little, pulling away from Hannibal enough to see that the alpha had streaked his own belly and chest with cum, but was still rock hard. Will whimpered, maybe instinct but certainly desire - he pulled out of Hannibal in one quick movement that had the alpha shuddering - then crawled over him and sank down onto Hannibal’s cock.

“Alpha…” Will moaned, his eyes rolling back at the feel of the alpha filling him - his now fully inflated knot pushed against Will. He wondered if he could take it, he was leaking so much slick now, was so open and ready that all he had to do was -

“Will!” Hannibal cried out, his whole body quaking as Will slammed himself down, taking Hannibal’s knot into him with a strained groan. Both of them shuddered as Hannibal spilled inside him, their mouths finding each other once more for long and languid sucks and kisses as Will collapsed onto him.

They kissed until they couldn’t breath any more, breaking apart and panting hot against each other’s skin.

“Thank you Will…” Hannibal managed, breathless. “I feel much better already.”

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Will wasn’t sure what time they fell asleep in the end, he only knew that it was after Hannibal’s knot had deflated and the alpha had made dinner... And after they had fucked some more. Within a few hours Hannibal’s arm was completely pain free and recovered, so much so that he was able to hold Will’s weight as he pinned him against the kitchen wall and fucked him hard there. Then there had been some rather enjoyable blowjobs at the dining table, followed by a return to the bedroom and Hannibal begging Will to fuck his ass again before he would knot the omega. It was a deal well struck.

Hannibal was much more relaxed, no more of his usual posturing… a different kind though. The sort of posturing when an alpha was courting a mate, rather than just attempting to. Will felt a little skip of his heart at the thought but gave no outward sign. He had given this part of himself to the alpha without hesitation and after years of avoiding intimacy, that terrified him a little.

They fell asleep fresh from a shared bath, cradled together in expensive bed sheets, wrapped in each other’s fresh scent.

It was the phone that woke them.

Hannibal reached over and picked it up, spooning against Will to do so. Will sighed his contentment and snuggled back into the alpha’s frame.

“Hello?” The alpha’s accent was thick with sleep. Will could hear a muttering on the other end of the line but not the actual words. Hannibal let out a huff of irritation and pulled back a little. “And who decided that?” More muttering. “Very well.”

Hannibal moved forward again, sinking against Will. “My injury is completely recovered… Yes, I understand.” Hannibal clicked the phone and Will felt it drop to the bed.

“Who was that?” He asked looking back over his shoulder at the alpha.

“Beverly Katz, from the production team. To let me know we are off the show, you’ll have a voicemail.”

“What? Why?” Will turned and sat a little.

“Insurance. Injury puts us out of the running - they can’t risk it. The only reason they took so long to decide was because I’m the skater. If you’d been injured they’d have pulled us immediately, not wanting to risk a celebrity.”

Will scoffed at the weirdness of fame and then a thought struck him.

“Hannibal… did you know they would have axed us anyway? I mean… did I… did we… we didn’t need to…” Will searched Hannibal’s face wondered how he felt about the possibility of the alpha having manipulated him.

There was a tweak of a smile at the corner of his lips before he replied - “I didn’t know about your condition Will, but I admit, I had hoped that we would find comfort in one another once the fact of our dismissal presented itself.

“You tricked me.” Will knew he shouldn’t find it amusing… and yet. He chuckled and little - “I’m going to call her back and ask if I can switch to another skate partner, one that hasn’t been injured and so poses no risk… that should be acceptable I’m sure-”

His words were cut off as Hannibal growled and wrestled him back against the pillow, causing Will to laugh harder. He was caught off guard when he looked up into the vulnerable look in Hannibal’s eyes.

“Please don’t, Will.”

Will could sense Hannibal’s desire and his hope that he hadn’t fucked this up. One thing he had always hated about alphas was this bolshy behaviour, this idea that they could just do what they wanted. But it was that edge of vulnerability from this man who clearly adored him, that made Hannibal different. Made this situation different.

Will shook his head and chuckled. “Well. I guess we have a lot of free time on our hands now…” He moved so that he stretched against Hannibal, lips hovering close to each other as he ran his hand down Hannibal’s side and to the rump of his ass. “We should find something else to fill it with.”

“You know… my arm still feels rather stiff…” Hannibal cocked a brow and grinned as Will pushed him back on the bed..

“That isn’t the only thing.” Will growled, grinding their hard shafts together, before taking his lips once more.

End Notes

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